LINSI-WOOLSIE

OR

TWO CENTVRIES OF EPIGRAMMES.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM GAMAGE *Batchelor in the Artes.*

Patere, aut Abstine.



LONDON,

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1621.


BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

TO THE RIGT NOBLE, AND my much honoured Ladie, KATHERINE, Ladie MANSELL, daughter to the Right Honourable Lord, L. Viscount de Lisle:

Earths Glorie, and Heauens Happinesse.

RARE PARAGON *of vertue, affying, or rather presuming on your heroicall disposition, I haue aduentured to conduct to the open field of the World Two Centuries of Epigrammes, which, if they bee deign'd to march vnder the Banner of your Ho: protection, I doubt not, but that they may the safer, as they say,* Passe the Musters. *And the rather I build on your all-fauourable patronage by reason of your Ladyships neere affinitie with that worthie, and Tresnoble* Sir Phillip Sidney, *whose golden Pen vouchsafed to Apologize the renowned art of Poetry. If thimy Rurall, and vnacquainted muse Limm's nos forth either in Matter, or Manner the vine Port*

...ure of an Epigramme, your Ladyſhip may ea-...e coniecture, that it was rather Cherillus *Pen, and not* Apelles *Pencill that ſhadowed it; but hoping the acceptation, with your Ho: protection hereof, if not for the Worke, yet for the names-ſake, I euer reſt*

Your worthy Ladyſhips moſt
deuoted Votorie:

WILLIAM GAMAGE.

Ad Ingeniosum, & modestum amicum, *G. Gamage* de Epig.

Alpha Epigrammatecon per me sit noster Oënus,
Hic primum, aut nemo est, dignus habere locum:
Tu quotus es Gammagi? *ex nominis indice, Gamma.*
Sed te Musa facit Beta Epigrammatecon.

Ad eundem de eisdem.

Grata diù fuerant quæ linea-lanea, nostris,
Grata tamen nostris tegmina, si qua diù.
Talia tu texis (Gamage) *Poemata, plus quàm*
Lanea sunt vsu, Linea delitiis.
Grata vt sint, dubitas, bruma atq; æstate placebunt,
His delectari femina, virq; queant,
Hoc tantùm distant æstatem tegmina durant,
Ætates durant hæc tua texta, vale,

Mo. Fortune in Art. Mag. è Col. Ie.

Hexasticon.
In fideliss. amici *G. Gamage* Epigrammata.

Læta iuuant releuando graues Epigrammata mentes:
Sunt tua læta satis, sunt tua casta satis.
Inuida nè metuas mordacis murmura Momi:
Collaudet Momus, vel meliora ferat.

Iuuenij documenta boni, monumenta futura
Posteritatis erum, scribere perge, vale.

Ro Harris in Art Mag.

Ad Cordatum amicum. *G. Gamage* de Epig.

Fæcunda est ætas, multos tulit ista Poetas,
At tibi (Gamagi) non tulit ista parem.

Aliud ad Lectorem.

Perlege, quicunq; es, decies repetita placebunt,
Aut tibi, quicunque es, nulla placere queunt.

Hen. Atho, in Art Mag.

Ad amicum amantiss. *G.G.* in Epig.

Laudibus excelsis tua sunt Epigrammata salsa,
Digna, Legat Puer hæc, hæc legat ipse senex.
Quamuis es iuuenis, tamen experientia rerum
Ingeniumque bonum te facit esse senem.
Sacrè Sacra canis, resonisque profana profanè,
Vox quoquè cuique rei quælibet apta sonat.
Appæret docta mira dulcedine lingua
Musarum sacros te coluisse Choros.

Io. Vauhan, Art. Mag.

Idem

Idem ad Librum in Zoilum.

Si te quis Zoilus rabido vult rodere dente,
Ætatem domini ponderet ipse tui.

In Epig. cognati, & amici explorati Gu Gamage.

Siccinè disparibus lusisti moribus orbem,
Innumeris Numeris (trux Epigramma) tuis?
Rustieus Vrbanus, quid vis? Bellosus, Amator,
Magnatibus nitidis Aulicus? hoc & habet.
Chaire *suum cuique est, nec vote ludimur uno,*
His diuersa placent: quid culis? hoc & habes.

In Zoylum.

Tam benè compactos calamos vult dente repelli
Zoylus edax nostrum? subfugat, hoc nec habet.
Vult Numeris nostris includi moribus? ecce
Rem teneat; numeret furcifer: hoc & habe.

Gul Hughes, in Art. Bacc.

Idem ad Librum.

Ela agè, per Genios faciles, Momosq; per ignes:
Per varias rerum fæces, per saxa, per umbras.

Tetraſtichon.

Ad ſuum amicum *Gu. Ga.*
in ſua Epig.

Laudabunt omnes Epigrammata docta priorum,
Hoc opus excultum vincit (amice) tuum.
Hæc mandes Scriptis; ex Cedro digna locutus;
Te preſens ætas, poſteriorque canent.

Hop. Price Gener.

Ad cognatum percharíſſ. *G. G.*
in laudem Libelli.

Hic liber eſt parvus, non parui: gratia paruis
Eſt ſua: ſic libro gratia magna ſuo.
Pergat; quid denſis Latitas, Philomuſe, ſub umbris,
Aſpiret cœptis aura ſecunda tuis.

Io. Powel è Coll. Oriel.

To his friend, and familiar W. Gamage
of his Epigrams.

OFt haue I fed on Epigrammes before,
With which my appetites I ouerpreſt;
Thy better wit hath kept me theſe in ſtore,
As a ſweet banquet to diſgeſt the reſt:
Seru'd in with plates of Chriſtall, ſcour'd ſo cleere,
That to each gueſt his picture may appeare,

Another

Another to the ſame.

If what *Pythagoras* hath wrote be true,
Some antique Satyre liues in thee anew,
Nature and Art are with themſelues at ſtrife,
To whom thou haſt giu'n greater praiſe or life;
On both alike, for Nature firſt began,
Then Art made perfect what from nature ran.

W. Hughes.

To my lo: friend W Gamage *in the praiſe of his Epigrams.*

THy ouerlookng of the pleaſant fields,
In ſport abroad to ſpend ſome idle howres:
Hath gath'red fruit not of vnfruitfull weeds;
But ſet a Banke of ſweet and fragrant flowers.
Continue then both earl'e and late to riſe
To walke abroad, to vſe this exerciſe.

Another of the ſame.

In my conc:ipt this thy conceipted Booke,
Deſerues the ſtamp of euerlaſting praiſe:
Feare no mans face that on his face doth looke,
His forehead ſhines with complementall raies.
Gamage thy name and of thy age the Game
Thou doſt deſerue, tho not deſire the ſame.

Matth. Bennet.

The

The Author to the Praisers of his booke.

IT feares me, that your kinde heroicall Layes
Are too transcendant for my humble straine:
And Load-stone-like drawe to themselues the praise;
And so my Muse receiue a dull disdaine.
No force, I hope your lines will sooth some one
To read my Booke, and descant thereupon.

THE FIRST CENTVRIE.

Epig. 1.

To his heroike, and splendent Patronesse.
Katherine, *Lady* Mansell.

THis stuffe of mine, I grant, is ouercourse,
For your fine wearing Loadstarre of our Clime,
Yet let it serue, I pray, tho few be worse
As a course garment for this Winter time.
Ere Sommer else, I do most highly feare,
That Momus will my Loome in sunder teare.

Epig. 2.

On her Name.

C CEll of vertue thou art rare,
A Any with for to compare,
T That doth dwell in Cambers Clime,
H Hauing noble *Sydneys* Line.
E Euer beautifie thy name,
R Royall, worthy peereles dame:
I In vertue still let be thy dwelling,
N Neuer ill, in good excelling;
E Eternizing so thy fame.
M Might my praier be accepted,
A Accept it, Lord, and graunt her Issue:
N Neuer none to be reiected

S Send her, children, cloath'd in Tishue.
E Erect her calling at thy pleasure,
L Let her life be vertues Treasure:
L Lead her soule where Angels are.

Epig. 3.

To the worthy founder of our famous Oxonian Librarie, Sir Thomas Bodley *built in the forme of a* T.

THe forked Y, as learned Sages write,
Containes in it deepe mysteries diuine:
Thy target T if that I true endite,
Doeth shelter in't more many a sacred Line
Then all the letters of that *sage his name;
Such is the Glory of thy Vaticane.

a *Pythagoras.*

Epig. 4.

To the Reader of his Poëmes.

SOme of these Poeme, some will Satyres call,
What tho some be grim Satyres-like, and tall?
Which Monsters be, pertaining to the Wood.)
These do molest the Bad, but please the good.

Epig. 5.

On Zoylus, of his Booke.

POets doe stile thee oft a biting Mate;
Which argues thee the eater of some Bookes:

Eate

Eate this withall, but leaue to Barke thereat,
So that in fine this Morsell quite thee choakes.

Epig. 6.

A Courtizan, Etymologized.

A Courtizan most fit derines her name,
By her conditions from a courteous Dame.
What Nature did to her so gratis giue,
With this shee will all such as begge relieue.

Epig. 7.

The Noone-tide Walker of Paules.

WHat makes thee stay? Wel nie, since all be gone.
Thou telst me, cause some verses thou wouldst make.
Ist so? thou mai'st, since thou art most alone,
And cause all day thy Panch must emptie quake.

Epig. 8.

Garnet, *with his Twelue Apostles.*

IOseph, with his Apostles twelue first plants,
In Englands Soile, Religion pure to grow;
But thou, and thy twise sixe infernall Wants,
Didst this endeauour to supplant, and Sow

Thy Popish Darnell; but the season fail'd,
And thou with thine, to Tyburns post was nail'd.

Epig. 9.

The sickmans Dialogue.

SIckneſſe what art? the Bodies ſchourging Rod;
What elſe? the queller of thy lofty blood.
Moreouer what? the path vnto thy God.
And what in fine? Deaths meſſage for thy good.
Since thou art then the ſoule and bodies weale,
Come when thou wilt from thee Ile ne're appeale.

Epig. 10.

On our Bacchanalians.

To Magiſtrates.

THunder as anc'ient Poets fabulize,
Begate God Bacchus, Lord of all misrule:
No wonder then his Nephewes, which Pottize
Till they be drunke, vſe clamors like the Mule.
Remoue the cauſe th'effect ſoone take away:
Yee'll aske me how? lop downe the Iuie Bay.

Epig. 11.

To his deare intereſſed friend Mr. M Cradocke.

AS I thy ground did compaſſe and o're-looke
I compaſſed well nie, this triuiall Booke.

Epig. 12.

In Lanuginosas Buccinatores.

To his fr. Mr Rob Lloyd.

ORe many are, as we may daily see,
That start too soone to *Moyses* sacred sear;
Before they sit beneath *Gamaliels* knee,
To sucke the Nectar of his flowing Teat.
These Brocchers be of schisme and heresie,
Not skilling how to teach or edifie.

Epig. 13.

To the worthie Mecœnas of learning Mr. Anthony Guin, *Esquier.*

AMongst the Scythians *Anacharsis* sage
Was their sole Clearke, the * Prouerbe verifies.
I will not say, in this our learned age,
Thou art sole Phœnix, in arts Mysteries.
But this I'le say, in this our barren Clime:
Thou art the best Mecœnas vnto thine.

* *Anacharsis inter Scythas.*

Epig. 14.

To the studious Gent, Mr. I. Carne.

THy studious Booke, thy blazed fame shall ring:
When others pastime to great shame shall bring.

Epig. 15.

Vnum necessarium.

To his respective fr. Mr. Row. Harries, of pious, religious scholler, Mr. Hop. Price, lately deceased.

SOme graue in yeares, in lore but childish yet,
In stud'ing, fleering, fleeting, fading toies.
But thou, yong Price, hadst cert's a grauer wit
In conniug precepts of aye lasting ioyes.
Let these alone venioy their fruitlesse art;
Thou doubtlesse now hast chose the * better part.

* *Luca* 10.42.

Epig. 16.

To our Moderne Epigrammatists, of his Poems.

ALL Arts, which latest come to common view,
Are commonly the best without compare;
But in these lines you cannot finde this true,
Like timelesse fruits, vnmellowed right which are,
For you haue gatherd all the Sommers flowers.
Heere are but leauings mixt with Hyems showers.

Epig. 17.

One Monnsier Elatus, deceased.

I T lately seemd by thy aspiring mind,
Thou totall wast compos'd of loftie fire:

Which

Which vpwards tends, the place to it assign'd,
But thy downefall vnto the basest * mire,
Betokens now thy substance was but clay;
Which should haue stoopt thy lostinesse alway.

* *qui cadit in terram, non habet vnde cadat.*

Epig. 18.

A new Conuert.

THy change was good, from bloody killing sword;
To Preach and Teach the euer liuing Word.

Epig. 19.

A rare Metamorphosis.

IS it not strange in this our yron Age?
To see one clime to Pulpit, from the Stage.

Epig. 20.

The Epitaph of the studious Gent.
Mr. Hop. Price,
To the worshipfull, his louing Father Mr.
Wm. Price, *Esquier.*

AS my true loue was loyall vnto thee,
Whiles that thou breathst within this valty Cell;
Which shall not end with thy mortalitie,
But in the graue with thee shall euer dwell:
So take these farwels as thy only due,

Of thy deare friend, thy death which doth beriue.
Farewell, bright Gem of learnings worthie grace;
Farewell, great hope of all the Muses nine;
Farwell, sweet Impe, with thy Angellike face;
Farewell embracer of the Word diuine.
Farewell, deere *Price*, whose price I cannot count:
Farewell, vntill we meet in Sions Mount.

Epig. 21.

Duke Humfrey *entomb'd.*

THy Tombe has *gratis* more spectators e're
Then those of Westminster for Coine I wote;
'Tis strange, therefore they doe not pay more deare,
But as I gesse, they be not worth a grote.

Epig. 22.

Gullus, Grillus.

Gu: HOw goes the world, my Grillus, now with thee?
Gr: Comrade, my life naught is but slauerie;
Gu: How so, a Freeman for to be a thrall?
Gr: Free borne, but yet, Don Magnus Tenis Ball.
Gu: Cashiere his yoke cast of his seruile Badge.
Gr: Oh, no, for feare of his most furious rage.
Gu: What World is this? must you be Rombus slaue?
Gr: Yes; else for such, iust nothing we can haue.

Epig. 23.

Epig. 23.

To I. G.

THy Crosses were full many in account:
But, ay, one * Manie, doth these many mount.

* *Insania.*

Epig. 24.

Tillage. To his fr. Mr. Ie. Cradocke.

TIllage is good, the Husbandmans true badge;
While youth remaines, still fructifies, Till Age.

Epig. 25.

The Sympathie of Law, and Logicke. To his Academian Cousen, Io. Powel.

* *Fallacias.*

THe subtile Logicke, and the craftie Law,
Most equally within one yoke doth draw.
Both vse * Deceipts, the one for glorie vaine,
Th'other doth abuse it for his Gaine.
Both Brawlers be, and doe for euer iarre.
Th'one at Schoole, the other at the Barre.
But of all euils we must chuse the lesse;
And from Impostors vs for euer blesse.
To Logicks quipping tongue, I'ld rather stand:
Then to Lawes cruell, shearing, shauing hand.

Epig. 26.

Quicquid in Buccam venerit.

To Miſtr. Putilis.

THy Simie breaſt can keepe no ſecrecie,
But forceſt all things thereout for to flie;
If there were vent to gable lie, or truth;
Thy breaſt ſhould be in lieu of open mouth.

Epig. 27.

Fides ſola ſufficit.

To Mr Wadams, the worthy founder of a new Colledge in Oxford.

THe Popiſh ſect faire Colleges did raiſe,
Whereby they thought themſelues to iuſtifie;
But ſole true Faith we ſee doth now adaies,
Produce Good daughters, workes of charitie.
Which cauſ'd I thinke our *Wadam* ſo to wade,
In building Columnes, which ſhall neuer fade.

Epig. 28.

On Curius, and Curioſus.

I Did forcee thee preſent my faultleſſe Bill,
And praid thereto thy hand to vnder-write;
Thou toldſt me nay; for that t'was framed ill,
And why? thou ſe'ſt, cauſe faults it did not cite.

Thou differſt then from Curioſus quite,
Which will ſubſcribe to all but to the Rite.

Epig. 29.

To Mounſier After.

AFter, in what? in name, ſure not in Lore,
For moſt Sr. *Iohns* thou wenteſt bold, Before.

Epig. 30.

To King Iames, *Britteines royall Monarch.*

THe Vnicorne, and Lion ioine in loue, (King,
Which props the Armes of our moſt Gracious
Tho enemies in all things elſe they proue
Themſelues vnto themſelues; a wondrous thing;
That beaſts ſhould be more humane in their kind,
To vnions pearle; then mens Diuiſions blind.

Epig. 31.

To the moſt illuſtrious Brothers, the Earles of Pembroke, and Mountgomerie.

WAles ſtiles you Both with titles great of fame:
You pay 'it alike, your Greatneſſe mounts her (Name

Epig. 32.

To the learned and ingenious Diuine, Mr. D. Hall, of his Vowes Cent.

SOme vow, and breake; thou vowſt and doſt fulfill;
Such is the difference 'twixt good, and ill.

Epig. 33.

In the praiſe of Braſen-noſe Coll.

THy Noſe more famous is, tho't be of Braſſe,
Then many a head of many a golden Aſſe.

Epig. 34.

To his louing fr. Mr. Ie. Price. Batch. of Diuinitie.

VVEll may we liken Gods moſt Sacred Writ,
Vnto the forme of Alcibiades:
Which outwardly lookt plaine, and nothing bright,
But inwardly, moſt like faire Goddeſſes:
So doth Gods Word ſeeme rude, in outward faee;
But the cleare Spirit yeelds a ſhining grace.

Epig. 35.

On perfidious Carle, the Loue-maker.

CArle will not keepe promiſe, wote ye why?
He thinkes by Law all Suiters well may ly.

Epig.

Epig. 36.

To his friend and Phiſition Mr. Wm. Voyle.

MY friend thou haſt a griefe in Phiſicks art,
Called, Me noli tangere, by name;
For being touch't it forthwith yeeldeth ſmart.
How cauſt thou then to this a Med'cine frame?
Each griefe, I thinke within thy * Bookiſh Cell,
With this griefes name will be contented well.

* *His Studie.*

Epig. 37.

To his golden Gildus.

* *Et Mo. Vtopia.*

THe feign'd Vtopian * weareth in his eare
A ring of Gold in lieu of infamie;
But, Gildus thou, Gold eare-rings ſtill doſt weare,
Which is thou ſa'ſt, thy ſelfe to glorifie.
What glorie iſt? it ſerues to hide the ſore,
Which in thy eares the Pillorie did Bore.

Epig. 38.

To ſober Mr. Beuans.

SObrietie thou count'ſt a ſinne, and why?
Becauſe thou ſeldome liueſt ſoberly.

Epig. 39.

The Sheepheards Calenders Arithmeticke.

THou Kalender of Sheepheards farre didſt erre,
In numbring Gods Commandements by rote;
When Nine for Ten for Truth thou didſt auerre,
Leauing the ſecond out, not leaſt of note.
This thy ſubſtraction ſerues no other Sheepe
But thine; which baſely to the Image creepe.

Epig. 40.

Perkins.

THou ſweet, profound Diuine, with one ſole hand,
Didſt raze more buildings of the Popiſh frame,
Then many a one, that ſeeketh to withſtand
With both at once the Gunſhot of the ſame.
Heere doth the Maim'd, (a wonder) as we ſee
The whole o're-match, in Chriſt his Soulderie.

Epig. 41.

To Sr. Io. Stradling, Knight and Baronet, of his learned Epig.

THy Muſe fits not the vulgar in effect:
For reading, ſans conceit, is to neglect.

Epig.

Epig. 42.

Iewell, the Hammer of Heretickes.

THou *Iewel* wast a iewel rare indeed,
Of value more then is the Ophir gold:
For this doth only decke the bodies weed;
But thy most heau'nly words most sweetly rowld
Doe decke the soule; and thy keene English Pen
Did cut * his throat, that sung the Popes Amen.

* *Hardings.*

Epig. 43.

D. Rainolds *Ghost.*

WHat made thee *Atlas* of our Church diuine?
For to decline so vnder thy light paise:
Which neuer stoopst to any Popish shrine
In all thy life; but loth'st such Trash alwaies.
Thy answer is hereto most right I doome,
Burning to vs thou didst thy selfe consume.

Epig. 44.

To Mr. Blable *the Tale-teller.*

DAme Nature gaue thee two eares, and two eies,
My wheel-tongu'd Gemy) which doth seldõe stay
And but one mouth (through her fore-knowledge wise)
That thou shouldst more both heare, & see, then bray.
But thou dost blab against *Minervas* Law:
More then thy Eares did heare, or Eies e're saw.

Epig.

Epig. 45.

To the Ho: and moſt vertuous Lady, Barbara, *Vicecounteſſe de* Liſle, *the Omega of the Gamages.*

ALL Riuers that do run to Neptunes Vaſt,
Do looſe their names let them be ne're ſo great:
So thy great Granſiers names in thee at laſt,
Do looſe their ſtile, and Coyties royall ſeat.
What tho? is not the ſea of more renowne
Then Riuers, which in him themſelues do drowne?

Epig. 46.

Gabriel Goodman, *heretofore Deane of Weſtminſter.*

GOodman waſt hight, (and leſſe I miſſe to ſcan)
Thou waſt indeed a zealous right good man.

Epig. 47.

Tam Bacchо, quam Vulcano.
To Hugh, *the Ale-Draper.*

THou art a Crafts-man good; yet all thy Craft
Cannot detaine thee from too deepe a Draft.

Epig. 48.

Epig. 48.

To the noble heroicke Gent: Sir William Sidney *Knight of the place of his Nativitie.*

ZEland did blaze thy birth, be like thy name;
Then Sea, and Land, ſhal Trump thy Golden fame,

Epig. 49.

To Zutphen, a Towne in Gilderland, at the Beleagring of which, the renowned Sir Phillip Sidney *was killed.*

I Wiſt not which thy fame or infamie,
Doth more exceede, in cauſing *Sidneys* fall:
But yet, I rather thinke thy fame, for why?
Before that time thou hadſt no fame at all.

Epig. 50.

On Elizabeths *Embleme, late Queene of England, Tanquam Ouis.*

THou waſt a Sheep, & Wolues thy Shepheards were;
How didſt thou then eſcape Deaths bloody hand?
Another * ſhepheard which doth rule the Spheare,
Did theſe fell ſhepheards wondrouſly withſtand.

* *Pſal.* 23. 4.

Epig. 51.

Epig. 51.

In Du Bartas praise, and his Transſator.

RIght well *Du Bartas* may we call thy name,
For * *Dew* in Welch betokens more then Man.
So waſt, I thinke, when thou thy Laies didſt frame,
Such Heavnly Muſe ſole Man could ſcarcely ſcan.
And *Ioſuah* thou that tookſt this verſe in hand
To turne; for ere thy •• ſunne of praiſe ſhall ſtand.

* *God.* •• Ioſ. 10. 13.

Epig. 52.

To wife Luſca.

I Wonder, *Luſca*, of thy fooliſh Pate,
Which to thy husband haſt ſo wiſe a Mate;
He ſhould haue pow'r'd into thy ſelfe being One
Linkt to himſelfe, ſome wiſdome long agone.
But, as I geſſe, thy head is farc'd ſo full
With folly, that no lore can pearce thy ſcull.

Epig. 53.

To publicke Lata, alias, Wh.

WHy do men call thee, Publicke? for I weene,
What thou commit'ſt is not in Publick ſeene.

Epig.

Epig. 54.

On Fabius, to the Readers.

THon didst resigne thy Office, wot yee why?
Because thou saist thou hardst a Rat to Squeake:
None would haue wondred at thy foolerie,
In leauing it, if thou hadst hard her Speake.

Epig. 55.

Pilling and Poling, to Damon, and Damon.

Da HOw ist Comrade? we both professe the Law,
Therfore we should in one yoke equal draw.
Da: We do; but in the Manner we disioine,
I ciuill do, thou common dost Purloine.
De: No force, our Maners both shall Manours buy;
Da: Why then Ile shaue, and sley thou Equitie.

Epig. 56.

To the most learned, and Heauenly Diuine, Doctor Holland, Doctor of the Chaire, lately Deceased.

THy sacred Chaire did oft from Earth thee Mount:
No marueil; for of Earth thou nought didst count.

Of

Epig. 57.

To Sir Hebes, the Vnctions Empericke.

WHat difference twixt the Papists Vnction,
And thine? for both we see be quite extream;
No great; they vse it when all helpe is gone,
And thou hereby more kill'st then curst, I deeme.

Epig. 58.

To his louing friend Mr. Ie. Mayos, Preacher of Gods Word.

IN the Church primatiue, * denoted men,
Did lay their Treasures at the Apostles feete;
But the Derivatiue, alas, since then,
Allowance poore allots to Preachers meete.
But like their brother Ananias, they,
Yeeld their poore Pastors, but a :: part of Pay.

* *Act.* 4. 35. :: *Act.* 5. 2.

Epig. 59.

To his friend R. Loue.

LOue oft is taken for blinde Cupids Game,
So is allloue, thats only but in Name.

Epig. 60.

To the Illustrious L: Viscount de Lisle, brother to Noble Sir Phil. Sidney.

THough not in Name vnto thy brother deere,
Yet thou in Nature art his worthy peere;

His

His fame extolled, blazed forth his name,
Thy name exalted, Trumpets loud thy fame.

Epig. 61.

To the worthy Mecœnas of learning, Oliuer, Lo:
St. Iohn, Baron of Bledſo.

VVE Scholers may, St. *Iohn*, thee ſtile right well,
Which gratis giu'ſt to a Saints what others ſell,
a *Epheſ.* 3. 8.

Epig. 62.

The Gilden Mile.

IF that ſame Mile were farced full with Gold,
That's Gilden call'd, for her ſmooth-ſilken face;
Then would our Mony-Miners ſure be bold
Her path faire-ſuperficies to deface.
Then ſhould ſhe right her Gilden name forſake;
And for the ſame a gauled name might take.

Epig. 63.

Ius, and Iuriſt a Robbing poore Luſcus.

Ius: HOw iſt colleague? how goes Don-Luſcus caſe?
Iur: Clean backwarts; ſans of Angels bright a braſe
Ius: Theſe heau'nly be, how then canſt thou then haue?
Iur: Friend, thou miſtak'ſt the earthly I do craue.

Epig. 64.

On Thraſco, the kill Cow.

I Meete percaſe Dell Thraſco at the ſhore,
As he came freſh from Irelands diſmall warre;
I askt what newes? He told me all, and more,
How he himſelfe did thouſands kill, and skarre.
I him beleeu'd, for he did beare about
Whole multitudes of the * rebellious Rout.

* *Pediculos.*

Epig. 65.

a *Spiritus, & Care.*
To his louing friend M. R. Tho.

a THeſe ſeeme in peace to liue in b midſt of war,
So blind we iudge when with c our ſelues we iar.

b *Gal.5.* c *2.Cor.4.*

Epig. 66.

Brittaines Burſe. To the famous late Earle of Sarisburie.

FVll fraught with ſtore ſhall be thy famous Burſe,
When penileſſe ſhall be the Miſers purſe.

Epig. 67.

Epig 67.

To the ingenious Epigrammatists Io. Owens, *and* Io. Heath, *both brought up in a New Coll. in Oxenford.*

THough you were both not of one Mother bore,
Yet nurſed were you at the ſelfe ſame a breſt:
For fluent Genious, and ingenious lore,
And the ſame Dugges ſucceſſiuely haue preſt.
Tis true yee are but Foſterers by birth,
Yet brothers right in Rimes conceiptfull mirth.

Epig. 68.

To Blincke, the Archer.

CVpid is blinde, yet neuer miſſe the white:
But thou doſt ſee, yet neuer ſhoot'ſt aright.

Epig. 69.

a *Pecunia poteſt omnia.*

On frantick Fiſcus.

THe Prouerbe is, a Dame Mony can do All;
It inſtigates the Theefe to kill and ſteale.
It Spurres the Merchant On, to Round the Ball
Of this vaſt Orbe, to'enrich his Common-weale.
What can it not? It cauſeth vs runne mad,
And Fiſcus too, being therewith ouerclad.

Epig. 70.

The capring Corde.

To theeuiſo Lato, and Clowniſo Leto.

WHat wouldſt haue done with that ſtrong, halter
Which, Lato thought t'exchange for thy Gold
Thou in it wouldſt haue ſhowne a capring Trick,
And ſtretch thy Necke in that Racke, long of old.
But ſince thou ſcap'ſt, giue Lato's Corde againe,
His right, t'is pitty from him to detaine.

Epig. 71.

On the Worldlings queſtion.

THe common queſtion now a daies doth paſſe,
Not what ſhee is, but what ſweet Mopſa ha's.

Epig. 72.

One the Nativity of Queene Elizabeth borne on the Eue of the Nativitie of Ma.

THy Virgin Birth vpon a Virgins Eue,
Did true Preſage thou ſhould'ſt a Virgin Liue.

Epig. 73.

To our Nauigators, ſeeking heare the Port of Reſt.

YE Neptunes Plowmen, ye are cleane aſtray,
Which ſeeke on Earth the Port of quiet Reſt;
Direct your courſe vnto Olympus Bay,
This of all other Capes is ſure the Beſt.
But your calme ſea muſt be the liquid Aire,
Your ſhips, your ſailes the wings not of Deſpaire.

Epig. 74.

A paire Royall of Fiends:

IF friendſhip true did ere in Bad ones ſtay,
It did remaine in *Bengfield, Wincheſter,*
And *Conſtable*, three men of Hels array.
Which ſought Elyza'in in hir Prime to ſmoother.
I may not tearme theſe paire of Royall friends
But rather paire of moſt diſloyall fiends.

Epig. 75.

To his louing Coſen Mr Rees Myricke.

THou ſhalt now light on many a compleat frie,
That will thee call, moſt louing Coſin, kinde,
Which neuer skill'd it by arts Heraldrie;
Take heed, this Coſin, mai'ſt a couſner finde.
For Iudas-like hee'll Haile thee with a kiſſe;
And to betray, ſuch Cheaters ſeldome miſſe.

Epig. 76.

On Fuske, the Gormandiſer.

To his Couſen Row: Vaughan, *ſtudent in Phyſicke.*

PHyſitians ſay, all ſickneſſe doth proceed
From o're aboundance, or Vacuitie;
Whereof, the firſt thou verifi'ſt in deed
My Fuske, by gorging thy profunditie.
And 'fore that nature ſhould a Vacuum graunt
Within thy Panch; Death-Surfeit thou wilt haunt.

Epig. 77

On an Inne, Grac'd with the Flower-de-Luce.

Th'art bravely deckt without, with Frãnce faire Armes,
But ſtain'd within with her moſt lothſome Harmes.

Epig. 78.

Coytie Caſtle, and Radyr houſe exclaiming on Time.

WOrld waſting Time, thou worker of our woes
Thou keene edg'd raſor of our famous name,
That antique was but now oblitious growes,
The ſubiect almoſt of contempt and ſhame.
Yet doe thy worſt, our names ſhall liue for ay,
Altho our fame thou buried haſt in Clay.

Epig. 79.

Epig. 79.

Almes Deeds.

On Pinch-Peny, Tent.

SOme Treasures cast into the poore mans Box,
Some slender Mites according to their state;
But thou didst neuer (Tent) once o'pe thy Lockes,
Thy Mydas muck for to anihilate.
But stuff'st his maw with Roundings for to eate,
To still his crie, which did for coine intreate.

Epig. 80

To the studious, and noble Gent. Sir R. Sidney *knight of the Bath.*

THe waters giue thee Titles; but the earth
Shall adde great Trophies to thy greater Birth.

Epig. 81.

Lalus, and Lelius.

LAlus presuming on a dram of Lore,
Did Lelius daughter for his Mate implore.
Tush, Princocke proud who scornefully repli'de,
Think'st thou to haue my Darling, for thy Bride?
La: I am a Scholler, so I may growe great,
And may heereafter sit in princely seat.
Le: What dost professe? what is thy facultie?

La: I study sacred deepe Diuinitie.
Le: Tut, what a Priest? a Tenant but for life?
Pack hence thou getst not my ioy for thy wife.
La: Be patient Sir, let me win your good will,
I am a Lawier, full of *Ployd*ons skill.
Le: I'st so? why then I'le instantly thee wiue
Vnto my child, for thou art like to thriue.

Epig. 82.

On Prudentius, a Christian Poet.

THis not thy name makes thee deale prudently,
But thy profession, Christianitie.

Epig. 83.

To the most Reuer. in Christ. Francis: *B. of Landaffe on his * Catalogue.*

THough no Record shall Register thy fame,
* Thine owne Records enrowled haue the same.

Epig. 84.

The Crab Tree.

OF all the Trees, the Crab Tree, I thinke best;
The Oake is strong great buildings to erect,

The

The Firre Tree faire to frame thereof a cheſt,
The Ew moſt fit an arrow to direct)
But this has in't a pretious Baulme to cure
The poys'ned ſtings which womens tongs procure.

Epig. 85.

On our fleering, fawning, trecherous Gnathoes.

THe temp'rat Zones, as [a] *Naſo* teſtifies,
Participate of heate, and cold commixt.
Heerein I thinke, he vents out truth, not lies;
Becauſe that many in theſe Climat's fixt,
Doe, as the Prouerbe ſaith, in either hand,
Both carry Water, and a burning Brand.

[a] 1. *Meta.*

Epig. 86.

On Golden Simonie.

To his deere affectiue Couſen,
Mr. I. Pralpth.

AT firſt, I know, our ghoſtly Simonie,
His name deriu'd from *Simon Magus*, iuſt,
But now adaies, I thinke it verily,
It tooke his name from See-money accurſt.
Heereby Sir Iohn gets him a liuing fat,
That neuer knew the Latine for his hat.

Epig. 87.

Epig. 87.

Heauens Diademe.

To his fr. and familiar, W. Io.

MOſt wonder will to heare a beggars brat
Should haue as good, as large an heritage,
As the rich heire of ſome great Potentate,
That whilome was, or is in this our Age.
But ſo it is, the Heauens Hirarchie
To Spade belongs, as well to Scepter hie.

Epig. 88.

Perkins *caſes, the Diuine.*

THy ſacred Caſes conſcionable bee,
And why not Fips becauſe he nips the Fee.

Epig. 89.

To the moſt Reuer. Father in Chriſt, Anth.
B of St. Dauids.
Of his learned conceipts painted in his hall.

SOme Pen conceips their ingine ſole to ſhew,
But thine doe wit, and ſacred Lore containe;
Which tho domeſticke be, for priuate vew,
Thy fame to publiſh yet, they doe pertaine.
If any queſtion why they ſecret lie,
I ſay becauſe the Pencill cannot flie.

Epig. 90.

On his Brother buried in Zealand.

a *Gen.49.31.*

VVHat though thy corps, as is the a cuſtome old,
With thy forefathers doth not lie ingrau'd?
I truſt thy ſoule with theirs be ſafe enrowl'd
Within the b Booke of life, moſt certaine ſau'd.

b *Apoc.3.*

Epig. 91.

To the hypocriticall Papiſt, wearing the Goſpell of Saint Iohn *about his necke.*

THou well this Book about thy neck mai'ſt weare:
For, this, I know thy heart it comes not neere.

Epig. 92.

To his cordiall fr. Mr. Moore Fortune, *heeretofore a Traueller. Of Virginia.*

a *ex lib. Aug. Nau.*

THe Naturall a Virginianiſt's beleeue,
All creatures, both viſible, vnſeene;
That were, or ſhall, or doe on earth now liue,
To be compoſed of light water greene.
A light beliefe, more light then is the water;
To deeme that all was made of ſuch a matter.

Epig. 93.

In medio virtus.

To his friend Rich. Iohnes.

VErtue they ſay 'twixt two extreames doth ſtand,
To ſeparate Superlatiues in ill:
Which true we finde in Brodefoord with her Strand,
That parts Lauryddian, 'gainſt Lanellies will.
Elſe ſure the bibbers of theſe famous Townes,
Would meet full oft to cracke their giddie crownes.

Epig. 94.

To the learned, honeſt, and Pious Gent.
Mr. Th. Leyſons, *Phiſitian; of*
the Bathes.

YOur Bathes partake of waters cold, hot too,
A wonder 'twere, but that they wonders doe.

Epig. 95.

On the Orchadians, with their Beſtiall fellowſhip.

TIll befits for Man and beaſt to lie
In one ſelfe roome without partitions ſhreene;
Which the Orchadians hereof teſtifies.
A match ill made together as I weene.
Vnleſſe it be for loue of buggerie,
The worſt of kinde with beaſts to multiply.

Epig. 96.

To the Cenſurers of theſe vulgar Poeſies, Epigrams.

SOme carping Criticks doubtleſſe will auerre,
This kind of rime to haue a common hew,
And therefore harſh, becauſe it doth inferre
No nouell forme, like to the faſhion new;
No maruell, for it is the worlds true guiſe,
The new to loue the ancient to deſpiſe,

Epig. 97.

To ingenious Ben. Iohnſon.

IF that thy Lore were equall to thy wit:
Thou in Apollo's chaire mightſt iuſtly ſit.

Epig. 98.

The Trauiller.

A COſting Catita, t'was my chance to meet
Alumnus poore, whom kindly I did greet:
And askt what newes? who, ſighing, did impart,
Which to vnlace, ſaid he, torments my heart.
But hoping, friend thou wilt condole with me:
I will vnfold what I too common ſee.
The vnderling in Church, and Common-weale,
Muſt trauaile, trudge, of bondage the viue ſeale;
And when his ſorrie Sallarie would game,

He oft receaues his labour for his paine.
The Poore Pedant, who liues a ſeruile life,
Which euer toiles, turmoiles in endleſſe ſtrife;
Muſt be to all, yea to the Clowne a Slaue,
And for his owne, with cap and knee muſt craue.
The needy ſtudent wanting meanes to liue,
Deteſting by the former waies to thriue:
The Ocean furrowes, being quite out of hope,
And either ſerues fierce Mauors, or the Pope.
Alas, quoth I, is this the beſt reward?
That good deſerts reapes in this fertile ſoile?
Yes certs, ſaid he, but for the ſoules regard,
T'were better farre at the Plow's taile to toile.

Epig. 99.

To long Megge *of Weſtminſter.*

ALl cald thee, long Megge, true; they did not miſſe;
If broad Megge too, they had not fail'd, I wis.

Epig. 100.

To the kinde Reader, of the Cenſure of my Booke.

SOme will, no doubt, thee aske of this my Booke,
Whither't be good; perhaps thou'lt ſay; ſo, ſo.

Thy

Thy iudgement giue not ſo, I pray thee, looke;
But heereof rather anſwere him; no no.
Then ile be ſure to ſhun each curious frie:
That nought but faults in Writings can eſpie.

The end of the firſt Centurie.

Patere, aut Abſtine.

THE

THE SECOND CENTVRIE.

Epig. 1.

To his worthy Ho: Patroneſſe, Catherine, *Lady* Manſell.

THy ſplendent name, I doe not know right well,
Or blazed fame, in praiſe doth moſt excell;
But both vnite, and both ſhall equall be,
Such is thy praiſe, ſans partialitie.

Epig. 2.

On our vulgar Pie-Poets.
To the Readers.

AN Epigram, I graunt is common grown,
Squis'd out of Coblers, Tinkers, baſe of Trade;
(Whereby of yore the learned well was knowne,
Whoſe warbling ſongs was not by Coopers made.)
Such ſordid ſtuffe we ſhould caſt of in haſt,
And will Sr. Sutor not to paſſe his Laſt.
a *Ne Sutor vltra tripidam.*

Epig. 3.

To the learned Diuine Mr. Francis Sydney.

SOme of thy name doe braue Trill Pallas Lance;
And thou moſt graue her Lawrell doſt aduance.

Epig. 4.

Epig. 4.

On the Mercileſſe Niggard.
To his deere Coſin, Edm. Baſſet.

THe Baſe we ſee do commonly admire,
And high eſteeme the Baſlings of this Earth:
As Siluer, Gold, Braſſe, Yron, Lead, and Wire,
So that if famine fals, or pining Dearth,
Scarſe will they ſpare, yea to themſelues one crum,
Much leſſe to Others, to their Doores which come.

Epig. 5.

To his lo: friend Mr. M. Hopkins.

WIth dolefull ſighes right well may we compare,
The Leuit's liuing par'd on either ſide;
By greedy Patron thence which culs his ſhare,
And Dunſtus dumbe, in learning little tri'de:
Vnto the Cheeſe, which Banbury doth yeeld,
Which looks moſt poor, on both ſides cleanly peeld.

Epig. 6.

The Naturalized Dutch-man.
To his kinde Comrade, and lo: Coſin, Mr. William Hughes.

WE ſay, one fault marres ſomes good qualities;
But Contrary in the right Flemming borne,

One Good 'mends all his superfluities
Of bad conditions, to be ere forlorne:
His Bibbing, Rashnes, Mercenary fight;
But worthie praise, for a seruing God aright.

a *A pure Protestant.*

Epig. 7.

On the worldlings Auarice.
To his lo: friend Mr. Io: Roberts, *a laborious Preacher of Gods Word.*

THe faithfull *Abr'am* for his Heritage
Did rest content with promise of a Land:
Whereto the faithlesse Bastards of our Age,
Words nought auaile without performance-Band.
Yet see the difference 'twixt the Sonnes, and Sire,
He Heauen gate, base Earth they sole Desire.

Epig. 8.

Agriculture.
To his lo: friend Io G.

LIke *Nero*, many do enbowell deepe
Their Mother Earth, for White and yellow Mine:
And others do into Her concaues creepe
Like Pluto's swart, darke coles to digge that shine.
But thou art farre more Naturall then They,
Which dost but, Rase thy Mothers face of Clay.

Epig. 9.

To one, declining vnder the yoke of Affliction.

WHat tho thy cofers be not ſtuffed hard
With *Cæſars* croſſes, all of beaten gold:
And all the croſſes of the Popes be bard
Thy houſe; yet faint not, but be euer bold.
For thou haſt had thoſe croſſes, that exceede
Farre theſe; which be Chriſts croſſes, beſt in deed.

Epig. 10.

a Babylon Metamorphoſed.

To his lo: friend Mr. Math. Bennet.

THou boaſteſt proud, that thou doſt rule as a Queene,
Thou art miſtake, 'tis rather like a b Quene. a

a *Apoc.* 18. 7. b *Apoc.* 18. 9.

Epig. 11.

On Sir Phill. *Sidneys Arcadia.*

THy workes are worthy praiſe, and why, I pray?
Becauſe that none can theſe diſpraiſe, I ſay.

Epig. 12.

To his lo: friend Mr. M. Hop: for the loane of Dod, and Cleaver on the Decalogue.

DOd with his Cleaver cleaues the ſtonie rocke
Of our hard hearts through their laborious pain a

And plaines the way moſt plaine for Chriſt his flock,
That leads o're hils to the celeſtiall plaine.
These paire of friends with thankes I ſend againe,
Though two in Name, in Nature yet not twaine.

Epig. 13.

On the monſtrous ſin of Drunkenneſſe.

THat [a] ſtoicall ſage did drunkenneſſe preſcribe
A ſalue moſt ſure vnto a quiet minde;
Which ſpuing potion moſt of euery Tribe,
Now takes, which workes moſt brauely, as we finde.
It cauſeth vomits, doth phlebotomize,
And more, the dumbe doth cauſe to Rhetorize.

[a] *Sen. de Tranquil. anim.*

Epig. 14.

To the hopefull, and courteous Courtier, young Sr. Edw. Lewis.

THe Court, thy Name may better, I confeſſe:
But not thy Nature, leſſe I miſſe to geſſe.

Epig. 15.

Worm'ſhead. *To his approued good fr.* T. Rog.

A Rocke there is, that *Worm'ſhead* has to name,
Within whoſe Concaues, fiſh, and fowle do breed;

A wonder strange, which merits blazing fame,
That stones, the selfe same Rocke, and eke indeed
At the same time, the feathered bird, the fish
Should feed, and stanch their appetites at wish.

Epig. 16.

Christ, and Apollo.
To Physitians.

BOth, sores of soule and bodie Christ doth cure.
Which cannot Synthius, which you say is sure
A God; and a God, they say, can all effect,
But certs, I thinke, your God has this defect.

a *Mat.* 19. 26.

Epig. 17.

On curious questionists.
To his lo: fr. Har: Iohnes.

TOo many are of curious Questionists,
That proud demands what God himselfe did frame,
before a' fram'd the World wherein consists
All Cre'tures that both Sauage be, and tame.
Which cannot yet their *Pater noster* say,
Vnlesse perhaps in Latine cleane astray.

Epig. 18.

To his lo: fr: Mr. W. Awbrey, an ingenious Anagrammatist, late turned a Minister.

IF that the Censure of the Gabalists
Be true, which saith their lies in each mans name
By the inuersion of Hieroglyphists,
His fatall fortunes, or his blazed fame.
Which in thy name thou didst, I thinke out finde
When to that sacred coat thou gau'st thy minde.

Epig. 19.

Pengwin, *the eight wonder of the World.*
To his Cousen Rees Griffith, *a Peregrinator.*

THe vniuerse, as we may reade, containes
But only seauen wonders, strange and rare;
The eight, to make the number eu'n, remaines,
Which Disticke-wise, herein I will declare.
This is a Bird, that Pengwin has to name,
Which neuer slew, and yet was neuer tame.

Epig. 20.

To the courteous Gent. Mr. Arth. Mansell.

AS thou art *Arthur* excellent in Name,
In Nature so, I wish thee eke the same.

Epig. 21.

Epig. 21.

The Ile of the Croſſe.

a *Exilib. Munſt. Coſm.*

I Geſſe, a Columbus gaue that fitting name
To that ſame Clime, which he cals Crucis Ile;
Becauſe there Cannibals without all ſhame,
Doe eate mens fleſh, which they to them beguile.
Which firſt they fix vnto a Crux to feede,
Like to an Oxe, being fat they cauſe to bleede.

Epig. 22.

On curious Dametas.

To his Conſen H. Tho. *ſtudious in the Bible.*

TH' ignorant in this our curious Age,
Or little leſſe, ſome Aſſe of ſhallow reach,
Will ſeeme to prate in myſt'ries deepe, and ſage;
The greateſt Clearkes which vex, that write, or preach
And if you tell him, a doe this thou ſhalt liue,
'Tis nought, vnleſſe vnto the depth you diue.

a *Mat.* 10.

Epig. 23.

Ieſus College in Oxford, ſpeaking to King Iames.

a *Ariſt.* 1 *Eth.*

AL things, a they ſay, doe wiſh a perfect end,
And being vnperfect, doe eke wiſh the ſame,

Thy Royall hand my ragged wals can mend,
And perfect that what Priſcious e'ne began.
An eaſier taske, to ioine foure corner ſtones
In me, then lincke in one foure Nations.

Epig. 24.

Mors, Sceptra ligonibus æquat.
Alluding to the death of the moſt renowned
H. Fredericke, *Prince of Wales.*

O Fatall death, can none eſcape thy Dart?
O gaſtly Ghoſt, muſt all obey thy Heſt?
Muſt Princes, as the beggar feele thy ſmart?
Muſt great ones die, ſans mercy, as the leaſt?
Henry was yong, therefore thou mightſt him ſpare;
Henry was ſage, then ſhouldſt his life prolong:
Henry was warlike, touch him how could'ſt dare?
Henry, was learned, death thou haſt vs wrong.
Mauors farewell, and learned Mercury,
Since *Henry* left too ſoone our company.

Epig. 25.

To the moſt famous, and Heroike Lady,
Mary, *L.* Wroth.

THy worthy husband Ladifies thee *Wroth*,
Pray be not ſo with my poore pen, to place
'Fore R the O; then iuſtly Lady Worth
I might thee ſtile, worth what? hie honours Grace.

Epig. 26.

The a Canaries.

THoſe Iles were wont to be cal'd fortunate,
Haue now their names Canaries, for the Curres
That breed therein (a Metamorphos'd ſtate,
And ſtrange) which thinks her bleſt for beaſtly Burres.
But Brittaines Ile ſhould certaine more be bleſt,
If with mad dogs ſhe were the leſſer preſt.

Epig. 27.

Goddeſſe Fortune.

TH' vnfortunate denominates his name
And fortunate alſo, from fortune blind:
In Polycrates, and Vlyſſes fame,
Her conſtancy vnconſtantly we finde.
Th' one ſhe euer croſ'd by Sea and land,
Th' other bleſt with her vnbliſfull hand.

Epig. 28.

Hiſpana, in Hiſpanos.

HIſpana Ile, has in't a wonder rare,
Which Serpents be without all poiſon ſtrong;
And do not hurt (as a ſtories do declare)
Th' Inhabitants, which do dwell them among;
Which ſhould teach thoſe that conquer'd firſt the Ile,
To ſhun to kill, through venom's poiſned guile.

a *Ex Munſt Coſm.*

Epig. 29.

Epig. 29.
On Terhernes *Sepulture.*

TErherne thou li'eſt enterd within the graue,
Of a blind Monke, in thoſe daies compted wiſe,
And thou a foole; a Sepulture moſt braue,
Which doth the idiot, and the Sage compriſe.
Yet, thou a foole to greater Bliſſe maiſt riſe,
Then the blind Monke, that was eſteemed wiſe.

Epig. 30.
On the feminine Supremacy.

IOften heard, but neuer read till now,
That Women-kinde the Codpeeces did weare;
But in thoſe Iles, the men to women bow,
Which do their names of a male, and female beare.
I ſhould therefore the woman iudge to be
The veſſell ſtrongſt, but b *Paul* denies it me.

a *Ex lib. Naug. Aug.* b 1 *Cor.* 7.3.

Epig. 31.
To the right worſhipfull and moſt courteous knight, Sir Lewis Manſel, *of his ho: a mariage,*

THe Porcupine, with launces ſharpe, and keene,
Doth now not ſeek to pearce the Fawchi'on faire,
Nor is the Fawchi'on 'gainſt the Griffon ſeene

To

To fly, but ioies as friends, a Royall paire.
What is the cause of this their league? thy a loue,
Which doth the birds, that's strange, to vniō moue.

Epig. 32.

On Cottulus the vnconstant Professor.

VNconstant Cottulus, which primly wast,
Precisian like, most curious of thy life:
But thou that faction thou hast ouerpast,
And turn'd a Papist, seeds man full of strife,
I wonder, what thou thirdly wilt Professe,
Camelion-like, a Newter, as I gesse.

Epig. 133.

To his Antiquious Academian friend
Mr. William Ie.

THe Swan, they say, doth sing before he die;
But thine, I wis, did mourne most dolefully.

Epig. 34.

On the beloued Gossips, Lana, and Larga.

La. WHy wilt not Larga, Marry Mr. Steere?
A proper man, & wise, no Meacocks Gul:
La. I tell thee why, I hate a castred Pheere,
And rather chose my Suiter, Maister Bull.

Epig. 35.

Epig. 35.

The Pitture of a Paramour.

MOſt pretty Loue, of all our Loues, which loueſt
Neuer to feed on one ſole dainty diſh;
But many more do'ſt taſte, and often proueſt,
Through ſweat of Body, and a louely kiſſe.
Thou euer lou'ſt variety of cates,
Which honeſt Veſta, and Mæchaon hates. V

Epig. 36.

To the gaſtly Ghoaſt of Terherne.

SOme are, which haue grow'n famous by their lore,
By dint of ſword, and eke by Prudencie;
But thou (*Terherne*) renowned waſt of yore,
For a pure foole, and nat'rall foolerie.
But here's the difference 'twixt your brinted fame,
Theirs, for their wit, and thine, of folly, came. T

Epig. 37.

Coed Franke.

Of the Knights of St. Denis *Bathe,*

I Wonder why men did thee nominate
Coed Franke, in Antique Brittains copious Tongue;
Vnleſſe thou got'ſt it through the French-mans fate,
The gallian griefe, which blaſted thee along. VV

If

If it be so, let fleshmen learne by thee
To shun the Pox which burns the very tree.

Epig. 38.

Of the lamentable Deaths, of H. 3. *and* H. 4. *the French kings, murthered by a brase of Fryars.*

a *Gen.* 49. 5. b *Gen.* 34. 5.

IF a patriarches twaine, in Holy Writ be nam'd
b Brethren in euill for reuenging wrong;
Then may those Brase of Friars well be blam'd,
(Which burns sans Mercy, 'mongst the Hellish throng)
For doubtlesse they were brethren in ill,
Which trat'rously France Royall blood did Spill.

Epig. 39.

To his Sickly friend.

STore is no sore, the Prouerbe verifies;
Which thou find'st false, in store of Malladies.

Epig. 40.

To Reuerend vida, the filching Preacher.

GOds zeale, (most zealous vida,) Prelate graue,
Did eate thee vp, while that the borrowed oyle
Of others Lampes, did furnish thee most braue,

With

With Budget Lore, to keepe a Preaching coile.
What meanes thy ſilence? Sure the oile is out.
And being thruſt from *Moyſes* chaire, art Mute.

Epig. 41.

To plaine Io. *the verſificator.*

WHat kinde of Poem's thine, I thee beſeech?
No wittie one, therefore a witleſſe ſpeech.

Epig. 42.

To Battus, the Catechiſer.

MAgiſter Battus of the A. B C.
I do commend thy conſcience for to teach
Thy Punies Raw, without reward or fee;
Th'wilt ſerue to catechiſe, but ill to preach.
Whereas thou doſt thy pupils teach for nought,
Right well thou maiſt, thy Lore deſeru's not ought.

Epig. 43.

On Miſtreſſe Wag-taile.

THy gadding head, my pretty Myſa ſweet,
Did cauſe thy taile to be moſt wagging ſtill;
Herein we ſee both head, and taile do meet
Thy luſt ne're ſatiate ſeeking to fulfill.
'Twas not thy Head that did thy Taile enflame,
But t'was thy Taile, that did thy Head defame.

Epig. 44.

Lex Talionis, on Rot, the Tyrant.

PRoud cruell Rot, which now doſt rot in graue,
That e're waſt wont to tread on poore mens necks
And force the harmeles Gull to be a Slaue,
Vnto thy Threts, and eke commanding checks.
Theſe all requite thee now with Talio's Law.
And on thy Head doe trample without Awe.

Epig 45.

The Cacademons Epitaph.

HEere Batcocke lies, a Cocke too Bad by kinde,
Which euer wak't his Prentiſes to play
At Cardes, he had a zelous minde,
For them he bore in ſteed of Bookes to pray.
Which being dead, a paire of Cards was found
Vnder his head, to play with vnder ground.

Epig. 46.

Socrates.

THou *Socrates* the wiſeſt Sage foretold,
That was on earh, while that on earth thou breth'ſt
Waſt not ſo wiſe yet, for to chooſe that Scold,
To be thy wife; thou wiſedome herein leau'ſt.
Vnleſſe it were thy patience, for to trie,
If ſo, our dayes yeelds thee many a fry.

Epig. 47.

To his honeſt kinde friend Mr. Edw. Andrewes, of the Epithit, Honeſt.

HOneſt, a word, I ſweare an Adiectiue,
For now a daies, it little ſtands in ſteed:
But he that to the Depth of Crafts can diue,
He is the Wiſeman that doth now exceed.

Epig. 48.

An Anothomie for Husbandrie.

PAterne for Husbands, Choake thou art of right,
Which doſt not choake thy good ſeed with the (Thornes
Of worldly care to be a Miſer hight,
Thy lands brings better fruit, then wild Acornes.
This ſhining candle of thy husbandrie,
Vnder a Buſhell doth not hidden lie.

Epig. 49.

To the worthie and famous Earle of Notingham, high Admirall of England.

GReat number doe on the firme land beare ſway,
Theſe thou excell'ſt, thou mak'ſt the Sea obay.

Epig. 50.

The Fluſhing fray.

To his Couſer, Leiftenant Ie. Watkins.

THe Flemmings fight is reaſonable, yea;
Being a reaſonleſſe, he'ill but or ſticke, or ſnee.

a *drunke.*

Epig. 51.

Omnium rerum viciſſitudo eſt.

Maſter, Meſſenger.

Ma: VVHat's thy name? Meſſenger? for what I pray?
Me: Tis Maſter kind, for your deere loue, I ſay.
Ma: Tuſh, I doe hate, deteſt thy lawleſſe bed,
Me: You may helpe that, if you doe me but wed.
Ma: Fie 'tis not fit for females for to ſue;
Me. Tut, let's conioine, it is the faſhion new.

Epig. 96.

Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

To truſtie M. Gage.

a *Queene Elizabeth.*

THou faithful *Gage*, that waſt a gage indeed.
For loyaltie, and eke for ſeruice true,
(Vnto that famous a Prince by God decreed
To Quell the Pope, Religion pure to ſhew)

In her distresse; which few of thin owne name,
To thy pure faith, themselues doe wholly frame.

Epig. 53.

To the faire fau'd Margaret.

WHat odd's 'twixt Margarit, a precious pearle,
And *Margaret*, a sweet and peereleſſe Girle.
No odd's I see, for we must buy the one,
And Gratis thee, I thinke possesse shall none.

Epig. 54.

The volnble wheele of Fortune.

To be interne friend Mounsier Hie,
and Mr. Low.

Lo: THou clim'st the wheele of fortune Mounsier *Hie*
And gap'st for glorie, and preferment great;
Hie. True Mr. *Low*, and thou as fast do'st flie,
And lowe descend'st from fortunes highest seat
Despaire not yet if fortune, a fortune be,
Shee may thy name appropriate vnto me.

Finis Linsi-Woalsie.

Epig. 55.

To the worthy Gent. Mr. Rawley Bussie, *in voluing the earthly Globe, & tossing of the Tenis ball, most expert.*

THy solace is to volue the Orbicke ball
Of this round earth, and eke this Tenis Pile;

Th' one in ſporting, which we paſtime call,
Th' other, when thy fluent Muſe do'ſt file.

Epig. 56.

To Miſtris Lightfoot.

I Chaunc'd, as once I trauail'd to o'retake
One Miſtris Quick, being found'red, making mone:
I ask'd, what did her pace ſo halting make,
I did my foot, quoth ſhe, hurt 'gainſt a ſtone.
Tis nothing ſo, ſaid I, kind Miſtriſſe Quicke,
Your griefe I take, came rather of a pricke.

Epig. 57.

Vincit qui patitur.

To his lo fr. Rich. Gibons, *a Teacher.*

IF any wiſh his patience for to try,
Let him, but practiſe ſole thy Miniſtrie.

Epig. 58.

To his fragile firtree ſtaffe.

THe Prouerbe ſe's, tis better for to bow
Then for to breake, a note of gentleneſſe;
But thou, my prop, doſt ſcorne, to ſtoope ſo lowe
As bend, a ſigne, ſe'ſt thou of baſefulneſſe.
But breake wilt rather (my moſt brittle Tree)
Yet doe not ſo, I prethee, vnder me.

Epig. 59.

On Stephen, *the bloody Perſecutor.*

GOod Gardiners doe vſe for to ſupplant (ſaue;
Their bad grow'n weeds, their fruitfull hearbes to
But Gard'ner thou the [a] flowre of Troynouant,
Did'ſt thinke to weed, and burie in her graue.
To heauens Reapers, far vnlike waſt thou,
To weed the wheat, and let the [a] Euer grow.

a *Mat.* 13. 28.

Epig. 60.

To the worthy Knight, Sr Ro. Wroth, *of his houſe call'd Durance.*

THy Durance keeps in durance none, I heare,
'Leſſe be to pertake of thy [a] bounteous cheere.

a *A famous houſekeeper.*

Epig. 61.

On our Popiſh fugitiues.

THey ſay, o'refaſting doth procure a paine,
(Virtigo hight) the turning of the head:
Which true we find in male contents moſt plaine,
When of preferments long they haue not ſped.
And [a] Arrius-like, which miſt his Biſhopprick,
Th'ill change their faith, and ſhewe a Popiſh tricke.

a *Ex Euſeb.*

Epig. 62.

Epig. 62.

Mother B's Tranſlation.

GOod e'n, moſt antique, zelous mother B,
This ſalutation well befits your age:
For while you liue, a veſtall you decree
To be, and ſhun the toies of Pupillage.
And as of old, on Beds you lou'd to play:
So now on Beades you wholy like to pray.

Epig. 63.

* *Licentia Poetica.*

To the carping Criticke.

IVdge not ſo hard, that Poëts ſtill doe lie,
For what they write, 'tis 'llow'd by Libertie.

Epig. 64.

On the Popes Holineſſe.

THe Romiſh Canons ſhameleſly auer,
Their holy Father, God, nor man to be;
What is he then? if that, I doe not erre,
H'is no Angell, of heauens Hierarchie.
Vnleſſe be [a] Him, that puts on euery Hue
For to deceaue, and this, I thinke, is true.

a 2 Cor. 11. 14.

Epig. 65.

To the Paracelſian Empricke.

IF all the World were like to *Socrates*,
That neuer ſtood in need of Phſicks hand;
How then couldſt liue, if this thy art ſhould ceaſe,
Poore Iack, in this, or any other Land?
Wouldſt thou then be a graue Sr. Iohn by skill?
So, ſure more ſoules, then bodies wouldſt thou kill.

Epig. 66.

Of H. 1 *King of England, whoſe inuenomed braine, being dead, kill'd his owne Phyſitian.*

WHat men aliue, being ſick, would oft fulfill,
Thou being dead did'ſt thy Phyſitian kill.

Lel. lo Stowe. Chron.

Epig. 67.

To Mr. Monoculus, the Sagittarie.

WHat dire miſhap befell you Mounſier Blinck?
That you haue loſt your moſt reſpected eie:
You tell me, tuſh, you ſhall the better winck
To hit the marke, and let the arrow flie.
Bit ſo? your ſhot I geſſe, will be farre wide,
When that you ſhut the other eie beſide.

Epig. 68.

To Zantippa, the Scold.

VVHat mary muffe, what makes thee ſweet of hew
And ſowre of ſpeech, moſt bitter, waſpiſh, bad?
I thinke, thon art a moſt deteſted ſhrew;
Or with the Ague, or burnt feuer clad.
Which euer fils thy tongue moſt full of Gawle,
To all diſtaſtfull, but to ban, and brawle.

Epig. 69.

The Epitaph of his deerely beloued Schoole-maſter, Mr. W. Edwards.

HEre lies the picture of pure honeſtie.
Here lies, the ſire of many a learned Sonne,
Here lies, the zeale of Chriſtianitie,
Here lies, the Patron of Religion.
Here lies, that man, whoſe life was naught to none,
Here lies, that friend, whom yong and old bemone.

Epig. 70.

To Rome, with her Romiſh brood.

a 1 *Tim.* 3.

PAule a ſaith, a Biſhop ſhould a husband be
Of one wife, for to liue a ſober life;
But the great Biſhop, of the high'ſt degree,
Will haue his Biſhops for to haue no wife.

I wonder how from all he cuts this band?
They'are either Eunuches, or play vnder hand.

Epig. 71.

To Gill: *the fingring Lawyer, and ambodexter.*

WHat mak's thee, *Gill*, the perfect vſe to haue
As well of left, as of thy right hand faire?
Thou *Galen*-like wilt anſwer very graue,
'Tis o'remuch heat that doth from heart repaire.
I thinke not ſo, but thy poore Clients gold
Mak's thee to be an Ambodexter bold.

Epig. 72.

A new forme of finding out Petigrees.
To Don Stolidus.

MY vpſtart Gull, that would'ſt right noble be
In Royall blood (thy labour quite is vaine
In voluing bookes of old Antiquitie
For thy baſe line, not worth thereof the paine)
B'aduis'd by me, ope thou an old made Graue;
There thou thy firſt Genologie ſhalt haue.

Epig. 73.

Tom *of Chriſt Church in Oxford.*
To our ceremonious Papiſts.

THe clapping ſound of Antichriſtian Bels,
They ſay, expels from them their airie Ghoſts:

So, *Tom* thy ſound which all thy mates excels,
Doth thine Oxonians cauſe to flie their Hoaſts.
But if thy ſound could ſound as far as Spaine,
Their bodies Ghoſts, I thinke, would them refraine.

Epig. 74.

God, and the Pope.

a *Mat.22.32.*

THe ſacred Scriptnre doth for truth record,
That God is only of the liuing God,
And of the dead, he claimes to be no Lord;
But father Pope recalleth with a nod
They ſay the dead, from Purgatories griefe;
Th'are dead in ſinne, that makes this their beleefe.

Epig. 75.

To glorious Mopſa, of her ſtolen feathers.

WHy Miſtris Noll, doſt thou Adulterate
(From others Royall lines, thy ſelfe to grace)
Their noble birth, and titles high of ſtate?
That waſt at firſt but poore, obſcure and baſe.
If each ſhould pluck from thy patch't Pedegree
His feathers of, right *Æſops Iay* might'ſt be.

Epig. 76.

On Cornutus, the Monſter.
To his lo: friend Wil: Arne.

OF all wilde Birds, I loth the monſtrous Batte,
Which is a bird, and eke a filthy beaſt;
But of tame birds, I do moſt deadly hate,
That 's man in ſhape, yet hath a Beaſt-like creaſt.
Which of theſe Monſters do'ſt abhorre the more?
I thinke the tame, that with his Hornes doth Gore.

Epig. 77.

a *Quæuis terra alit artem.*
To Booriſh Petita.

THe Latine a prouerbe doth for truth relate,
That eu'ry land doth Arts diuine embrace:
Which euery where moſt true I eſtimate,
But in Petita, 'mongſt that Ruſticke Race.
Which ſtudies nought, but moſt the crooked Law;
And will effect no goodneſſe, but for Aw.

Epig 78.

To his Coſin, Lieftenant William Watkins, *of Fluſhings Scituation.*

VVHere Fluſhing ſtands, the walkers Ile, t'was wel
So nem'd, for in't walkes many a Sentinell.

Epig. 79.

On Nic: Herberts *Posie*, (*Lle y Kymero.*

To his worthy Son Mr. Will: Herbert.

THy (*Lle y Kymero*) did well Sympathize,
(Right worthy *Nich'las*) with thy noble minde:
For where thou took'st, thou didst not temporize,
But all thy friends did a sure Friend thee find.
Thou wast not like the glosers of our Age,
Which disagree most from their Posies Sage.

Epig. 80.

To the right Reuerend Father, Io: Kinge, *Bishop of London, a most perswasive Preacher.*

VVHat tho thy hand doth not the Scepter sway,
Thy tongue doth cause full many to obey.

Epig. 81.

Tobaccho.

To his respective good friend Mr. M Cradocke.

THe *maior* part of onr Tobacchonists,
Tak's sole the shaddow of this smoakie weed:
But thou hereof contrary often whift's
The substance all of this prodigious Reed.

I grant the ſubſtance doth the ſhaddow paſſe
In all beſides; ſaue in this Indian Graſſe.

Epig. 82.

A paire Royall of Clerkes.
To his frtend Tho: Prichard.

THree ſorts there be, which Clerks be call'd by nam
The firſt of right is the ſuperlatiue,
The Bible Clerke, that doth expound the ſame;
The next in Rancke is the Comparatiue,
The Pen and Inkhorne Clerke; that bandeth men;
The third, the poſitiue, that cries, Amen.
But prowd compariſons were odious farre,
'Twixt theſe ſame Clerkes, for their Scholaritie;
Yet my braue Scribe will make no bones to iarre,
Yea with the beſt, in caſe of felonie.
But poore Ding-dong will not offend his ſire,
For feare to looſe his ſmall collected hire.

Epig. 83.

Of the Ambitious.
To his coſen Io: Vaughan *of his fall from a Wormeſhead.*

SOme fall, whoſe falling doth their Deaths procure,
Thy fall was great, yet doth thy life remaine;
The ods is, they themſelues to climbe inure,
And ſithence, thou from climing do'ſt refraine.

Epig. 84.

To Sir Humfrey the Recorder.

THou Humfrey ke'pſt a calender moſt ſtreight
Of others faults, by Word, or Deed, ere ſure;
But neere I thinke, moſt hatefull, careleſſe weight,
Kep'ſt true accompt of thine owne Crimes vnpure.
I deeme thou could'ſt not, cauſe they did ſurmount
The'others ſlips, which thou ſo nigh didſt count.

Epig. 85.

To Morus, the Baldepate.

GOod Mr. *More*, what made your pate be bawle?
You ſay, you were borne vnder Venus ſtarre,
Whoſe Conſtellation made your haire to fall,
And eke the credit of your crowne to marre.
But, as I caſt, of this your great miſhap,
You lull'd were rather vpon Venus lap.

Epig. 86

Cupid, the blind God.

To his lo: friend Mr. William Williams.

WHy is't that Poets ſtile the but a boy?
Since that thou art a thouſand yeares of age;
No maruaile, for thy [a] dotage lone, thy ioy,
With childiſh youth doth euen equipage.

a *Senes bis pueri.*

Epig. 87.

To Cecus, the painefull Preacher, of our Dumbe Dogges.

THou seest not, yet makest other see
Their hainous sinnes, through thy laborious paine:
When Linx-ei'd Drones, which euer idle be,
With taking paines doe neuer one soule gaine.
Thy sight, their liuings eke, I wish to thee,
So that thou wouldest then not idle be.

Epig. 88.

To his loving friend Io: Spencer, *skilfull in Arithmeticke, of Mounsier Mutilus.*

THy numbring art the plurall number loues,
And doth cashiere the singular, as none:
But Mutilus, Grammarian-like stout proues
The singular; as Lapis, his sole stone.

Epig. 89.

On bibbing Belgicus.

To his cosin Io: Watkins, *Ensigne bearer.*

FLemmingo vseth after euery whisse,
His kinde Comrade to take fast by the hand:
He se's, it is to shew his kindnesse rise,
But 'tis, I gesse, because he cannot stand.

Epig. 90.

On Del Lucifer.

To his friend Mr. Edw. Robinſon, Cler.

What though Superbus from the Dunghill crept,
Thy holy function ſcornes with open throat:
Yet be content, forgiue and eke forget,
Sith Chriſt himſelfe did dignifie thy coat.
Yet ſuffer Cinicke, when that he is dead,
To Hearſe him, where the Cuckoe firſt was bred.

Epig. 8.

The Imparatiue Moode.

To my Lady Myſo,

I Wonder greatly what thy Mood ſhould be,
Indicatiue? no, that doth reaſon ſhew,
But thine is madd; nor Subiunctiue I ſee,
That ſhould depend ſole on thy husband true.
But thine, ſans doubt, is the Imparatiue,
Which makes thee dayly with thy Mate to ſtriue.

Epig 92.

To the ingenious Poet, Mr. William Herbert *of his booke intituled the Propheſie of Cadwalader.*

THy Royall Propheſie doth blaze thy name,
So Poets muſt, if they will merit fame.

Epig 93.

To the snarling censurer.

READER, perhaps thou wilt my Muse dispraise
Of Barrennesse, which was a curse of yore;
It is not so, note thou her fathers daies,
A yongling able to beget yet more.
If idle, vaine, thou deeme it, and vnfit:
An idle vaine becomes a childish wit.

Epig. 94.

On Moneanus, the Bibber.
To his loving friend Mr. William Thomas.

THy Nectar, Quondam, was but whiggin small,
Alias sowrewhay, how is't that nought but wine
Thy slippery palate now doth taste at all?
That ne're was Prest in Boreas freezing clime.
No marualle, for thy body is so bet
With cold, which thou dost seeke with Ale to Heat.

Epig. 95.

On Simon Magus, *Roman,*
To his lo. fr. and familiar, M. I. Vaughan

GOd gratis gives his Grace most liberally,
But man will not without a Simons fee.
Which was the cause, as farre as I perceaue,
That caused thee sweet Oxford for to leaue.

Epig 96.

Epig. 96.

On Luke-warme loue.

To his lo. and approued good Cousen Mr.
Edw. Gamage.

LOue now adaies is neither hot, nor cold,
Th'wilt aske me then, what i'st? I say luke-warme;
Why then 'tis Bet, thou sc'st, then that of old,
O, no, this warme has in't the greater harme.

Epig. 97.

Tempus edax rerum,

To the learned Historian, his lo. friend,
Mr. W. Meyricke.

TIme doth in time, they say, all things devoure,
And eke forgets each learned Mercurie,
Saue the Historian, only times fresh flowre,
Which neuer fad's, much lesse doth euer die.
For't cannot be that time can blot his name,
Which doth of time Records most antique frame.

Epig. 98.

On Indeas the Vsurer.

To his loving Cosen Iohn Stradling.

WHat makes that Beggars in thy neighbourhood,
Poore silly wtetches, numberlesse to swarme?
Tis not I weene, for thy deuotion good;

But rather 'tis for thy purlonging harme.
Which suffer'st uone to thriue that liues at hand;
But begger'st all, by purchasing their land.

Epig. 99.

To the Readers of his Epigrams.

IN the Popes tongue I list not to endite;
Cause of my rime all men should haue the sight.

Epig. 100.

To the Printer, of Detractors.

THe Captaine presse the Souldier to repell
The furious force of foemens cruell hand:
So do'st thou Presse some papers, that excell,
Yet must they cankred tongues of men withstand.
A wonder t'is, the tongue for the hand, right
Should warre; no force, t'is but a womans fight.

The end of the second Centurie.

Patere aut Abstine.

Discæ aut Discede.

W. G. FORLORNE HOPE, SAYling, and Salling forth, vnder the duskie Colours of the enuious vniuerse.

Epig. 1.

MArch forward, Muse, thy Patronesse is great,
And if she proue as good, I feare no ill.
But spacious fields has Tares as well as wheat,
Besides the Dolphin, Sea has Crocodill.
If one Mecæne yet, vnder Heauens Cope
Thou find'st; th'art not a quite forlorne hope.

Epig. 2.

On Tricongius, *who was made by Consull Tyberius Cæsar, only for his Drinking.*

IF that our Bibbers now a daies, should haue
As large a Guerdon, as thou hadst of yore;
I thinke we should, of euery Tankard slaue,
Great Magistrats, then priuat men, haue more.

Epig. 3.

On conscionable Surdaster.

THou se'st, that all thy hearing thou hast lost,
That's true; withall, I thinke, thy feeling too;

How then canſt liue? for this maintaineth moſt
Within vs life, as often reade we doe;
And yet thou liu'ſt tho quite without remorſe,
So, many doe, to ſin that nothing force.

Epig. 4.

On Lollus loftie Tombe.

WHat made thee build thy ſtatue eu'n ſo hie?
Whereas thy ſtature low on ground did lie?
This was to grace a ſtupid, liueleſſe ſtone
More then thy ſelfe; t'was well, for thou hadſt none.

Epig. 5.

On Cherillus the Poet.

PAn is not dead, ſince Pas began to ſing.
Who all excels in conſorts iarring ſtring.

Epig. 6.

To his louing, and beloued Coſen, M. I. Pralph Cler. of the Sager, a Hill ſituated in pariſh, apud Heref.

a *Vlt. Deut.*

MOſes, before the heauenly Canan ſaw,
Did firſt aſcend the top of a Nebo's Mount;
Where from he might a viue deſcription draw
Of Earthly Canan, the firſt's Type in compte.

So maist thou climbe to Sagers loftie Hill,
And Canan vew as t'were, a pleasant plaine;
To meditate of heau'nly Canan t'will
Thee instigate assured, as I faine.
Vse to ascend this hill most pleasant, hie:
So, Heauen on earth thou mai'st see, yer thou die.

Epig. 7.

Nusquam tuta fides.

To Firmus, The Camelion.

I Wonder, Firmus, why thy faith is fraile
To some? whose name approues a constancie;
Tis certs, because they be not head, and taile
Thine; both in falsehood, as in veritie.

Epig. 8.

To the Holy Well, on Mauverne Hill.

WE often read that Myracles haue ceast,
Which otherwise seemes by thy golden fame,
(Blaz'd farre and wide: almost to East and West)
Which curest all, the vlcerous blind, and lame.
These myracles, God grant, they be not Mould
In the Popes forge; as Counterfeits of old.

Epig. 9.

To Mr. Heauen *of Heauen, in the Countie of Heref.*

THou happie seem'st, two Heauens which possest,
Thy dwelling one, the other is thy name;
Striue to enioy, (and sure thou shalt be blest)
The third, which was that a Saints, of greatest fame.

a 2 *Cor.* 12. 4.

Epig. 10.

* *Decima Minute.*

To the Ministers of Gods Word.

THis * phrase you vse for your small Tithes by rate:
And for your greater too, you may vse that,

Epig 11.

On Cressa's feminine flatterie.

PErfidious wretch what made thee cracke thy faith?
Which once thou vow'st for to obserue and keepe:
But that is true, which the old Prouerbe saith,
Beware a woman when she gin's to weepe.

Epig. 12.

On a *Bariesus the Magician, and his Sectaries*

a *Act.* 13. 6.

THy hatefull name agrees with thy black art;
Who vr's it, barr's quite Iesus from his hart.

Epig. 13.

Epig. 13.

On the whore in Graine,
Helen *of Greece.*

ONe ſtaine, we read, did ſtaine thy ſunnie face;
But thy ſtain'd life, thy corps did more diſgrace.
This one ſpot did not more, thy ſweet face marre,
Then thy luſt *Ilion* did; in Troian warre.
Thinke not therefore it ſhame to haue a ſtaine:
But count it ſhame, to be a whore in Graine.

Epig. 14.

To his lo. fr. M. W. Galloway, *an Iriſh Gent. a ſtudent at Grayes Inne, of his fortunate eſcape of ſhipwracke at Gorwer'sland.*

THe drowning waters, and the burning fire,
Are elements, ſans mercy, as we ſay;
Whoſe foamers forming rage, thou didſt admire,
When ſhipwrack thou ſuſtaind'ſt in a Silſies Bay:
Yet merciſull was Neptunes God to thee,
Which Selde is cruell to Scholaritie.

a *pro roſſilie.*

Epig. 15.

Blind affections picture. To Dunce the Peſaunt.

WHat mak's thee, Dance, Dick Truncus to commend?
Of no Deſerts a Boore, a Corridon;

Thou saist, because he is thy worships friend,
And, whom the current of thy loue runnes on.
But wherefore do'st *Nick Laudus.* so dispraise?
A Gentleman of fashion, and of sort.
For sooth, thou sai'st, thou canst not brooke his way,
His comely carriage, or his seemely port.
See then affection, whether good or ill:
Laud's or defames according to his will.

Epig. 16

The Epitaph of Sir Will: Herbert *of Swansey.*
To his right Ho: brother Sir Iohn Herbert *second Secretary of State.*

IF home-bred knowledge, or yet foreigne skill,
If sundry tongues, or Physickes Princely art,
If noble carriage, eloquence at will,
Could thee haue kept from Deaths pale-Ebone dart,
Thou yet hast liu'd, a glory to thy name,
The poore mans prop, and eke thy countries fame.

Epig. 17.

To our wise Britisb Bard, Mr. W. Mathew, *Esquire; for wit, and iudgement excellent.*

I Wote not which thy outward sense, thy eare,
Or inward els, thy braine, doth most excell;

For

For, as we say, the former is the chaire
Of Iudgement, the other is inventions cell,
Thy braine, doth thine owne litterature invent,
Thy eare, on others labours, doth comment.
Which most excell's I cannot well impart,
But leaue it thee, the fit'st for Logick's Art.

Epig. 18.

To his loving Cosin H. Price, *of Neptunes Purgation.*

IF thou art sicke, and wouldst a vomit take;
If thou art well, and willing wouldst be sicke.
The Sea for both will thee a med'cine make,
Killing the whole, the dead reuiuing quicke.
This brackish purge excells farre Hellobore,
For nought, besides perbraking, pai'st therefore.

Epig. 19

The Papists, and Anabaptists Sympathized.

THrough Imitation, the Anabaptists say
Their sinnes proceed, from their forefathers old:
The Papists eke their sinfull sect obey:
Because their Sires were hatcht in the same fold.

Epig. 20.

To his old friend and Schoolefellow, Mr. D. Ienkins, *a worthy Barrister in the Lawes.*

OVr famous *Ploydon* we as yet Embrace,
Since thou dost liue to plead graue *Ploydons* case.

Epig. 21.

Patience is a Vertue.

To his lo: Cosin, and deere alismar,
Hop: Thomas.

PAtience endures the brunt of all assaults.
For frowning fortune can it nought displease;
Nor, can it grime base feigned frindships faults,
Nor yet, being wrong'd, from constancie will cease,
Therefore, a peereleſſe vertue, patience is,
Whereto nothing, at no time, comes amisse.

Epig. 22.

Of the wonder, in Herefordshire; being a Peece of ground, that mou'd of it selfe.

PHilosophers, for truth doe testifie,
Our Mother earth immouable to be;
But thy selfe motion strange Philosophie,

These

Theſe Sages wiſe, proues liers, as we ſee.
If this thy motion had continu'd ay,
Our [a] *Ariſtotle* we might iuſt gainesay.

[a] *Eſt Ariſtotelus.*

Epig. 23.

To his lo. and conſtant friend Mr. Moore

[a] Fortune.

ALtho [a] thy name might thee vnconſtant proue;
The contrary we finde in thy firme loue.

Epig. 24.

An Adonicke.

On Myſa and Mopſa, two Honeſt Scoulds.

Yow both togither
Iarring a ſunder:
Farre ſhould be rather
Birds of one feather.

Since your pure liuing,
Ioin'd in one trading:
Neuer omitting
Your Mates defaming.

Epig. 25.

Semel inſaniuimus omnes.

To his Coſin, Mr. I. P.

THe Prouerbe ſe's, that all the beſt of any
Hath once bin mad; that once is certs too many;
But, after once, we come to perfect wit,
Worth ſmall diſpraiſe, I deeme that franticke fit.

Epig. 26.

Epigr. 26.

To the best Indenture drawer, Titubus, *the night-walker of Fleetstreet.*

WHat mak's thee walke so late against the law?
Kind Mr. Chach I doe Endendures Draw:
Indentures drawe, in the darke gloomy night?
Whose Manuscript require a brighter light.
You are mistake, we seld vse light or hand:
We write e're Best, when scarse we see, or stand.

Epig. 27

To the euerliuing, and never dying memory of the most Reverend father in God, Io: Whitgift, *late Archbishop of Canterbury*

RIght reverend Prelate of our Church diuine,
Strong, sollid Piller of Gods holy Arke,
Bright Beacon, which incontinence didst shine,
Sole, chiefest Scholars comfortable Marke.
Thy name *Whitgift*, for nought was sure not hight:
For both in life, and lore thy Gifts were Whit:

Epig. 28.

On the most honor and worthy lo: Lord Viscount de Lisles Posie.

Quo me fata vocant.

THy splendent Posie, well agrees with thee,
Renowned Lord, bright Sydney's shining Lampe:
For where so e're th'art call'd by Destenie,
Thou ready art for Court, or els for Campe.
In one, or both thy praise doth most surpasse;
Such euer, *Sidneys* Trophies noble, was.

Epig. 29.

To the Malevolent, and Taxing Censurer, of his Epigrammes.

IF thou of glory vaine wilt me accuse,
These worthlesse lines in promulgating out;
Beleeue it then, I will not, Mome refuse
The lye to giue thee, if a Souldier stout.
Twas friends, not Fame that these made publik then
In *Lethe's* lake, els drench'd had bene my pen.

Epig. 30.

To his friend the Printer *of his Booke.*

SOme volumes bring in Folio to the Presse,
In Quarto some, according to their lore;

Mongst

Amongst all the learned, I which am the lesse,
Once in octauo bring thee all my store.
Ile it not fould in sexto decimo,
Least, as the Tome, his count, as little grow.
Respect the paper, though a pen worth small;
Twill sute for one cent's yeeld thee at thy stall.

Epig. 21.

On the Author; vnmeet period of his Forlorne Hope.

THy hopelesse name, stiles thee with no good hap,
Thy Numbers odd's approues thee happy yet:
For ioy therefore thy Plaudities forth clap;
Thy one and thirty right the Game has hit.

Disce aut Discede.

FINIS.